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VIOLET.

BY

MRS. LUCY YEEND CULLER.

AUTHOR OF

"EUROPE THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYE."



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DEDICATED TO
The Precious Memory of Our First Born,
BABY ALICE FLORENCE.



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BABY'S NAME.

Why don't you send love to the baby,
The sweetest and fairest of flowers?
She's the tiniest little blossom;
Yet we're proud to call her ours.

She's a pretty, modest Violet,
Yes, that is her name, true *true*!
Don't you think it quite appropriate,
As her eyes are a deep, bright blue?

Then, Culler, means one who gathers
Flowers from here and there;
So Violet Culler shall be the name,
Of the little maiden, fair.

A GIFT FROM GOD.

Another Baby, God has given
 To fill our empty arms;
Another precious, little life,
 To gladden, with its charms.

One baby-girl in Heaven,
 Another come to earth
To drive away the sadness,
 And fill our hearts with mirth.

The dimpled hands and tiny feet,
And all the cunning ways, so sweet,
Will bring back Alice fresh to mind,
And make her doubly dear, we'll find.

The Lord hath heard and answered me:
 Yes, "for this child I prayed."
"O God I lend her now to Thee,
 As long as she doth live."

We consecrate her life to Thee,
 Through baptism's holy rite:
And when she's through with serving Thee.
 Receive her into light.

THE TRIBUTE OF A FRIEND.

A new heart-treasure now is mine,
 "A Violet" born into life's sunshine,"
 Said a joyful mother, newly made,
 As she pressed in her arms a God-given babe.

Lifted now the veil of sadness,
 A Hannah's sorrow turned to gladness.
 Heaven's gift the mother-joy brings,
 Her Magnificat, a Mary sings.

May Heaven teach a Father's care,
 And Heaven inspire a Mother's prayer,
 That angels guard with watchful care,
 And keep the Violet sweet and fair.

Rev. O. C. Miller.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

Come papa, we must weigh the baby !

She's seven weeks old to-day.

Let's see if she's gained a trifle,

Since we weighed her the other day.

I've finished bathing the little pet,

So now is just the time,

With only one tiny garment on.

Do you need a piece of twine ?

Tie her up in your pocket handkerchief.

You *can*, she's so very small.

There! hold her over my lap;

And be sure you don't let her fall.

Oh, the dear little thing! she's as good as can be,

With her head and her heels hanging down.

Look quick at the scales; and be sure you are right;

For see! she's beginning to frown.

There darling! it's over without a mishap.

How much does she weigh, papa dear ?

Only six did you say ? only six pounds ?

You've made a mistake, I fear.

No, No! you are right, the scales say six.

Well! she's precious after all,

I remember now, the very best things,

Are put in parcels small.

THE FIRST PAIR OF SHOES.

I sank 'ou Aunt Edis for de dear 'ittle hood
 'Ou gave me; so soft and white !
And de sweet p'etty s'oes, wis soles of boo,
 Though at p'esent dey don't fit me tight.

But I's growing bigger every day,
 So I spect pretty soon dey'll fit.
What a wonderful lady 'ou must be
 To be able, such booties, to knit.

I spect my tooties will never get cold,
 When I wear 'em on wisiting days;
So please take some tisses, for being so dood.
 D'ats the way I always pays.

BABY'S PLEA.

Patience, Papa, patience !

I'm a very little girl.

Rock me; walk me; toss me; pet me.

I'm more precious than a pearl.

Patience, Mamma, patience !

I've got colic, coldest toes;

I am hungry; yes and have

The snuffles, in my nose.

Patience, everybody, patience !

I must cry, and whine, and fret.

By and by, you'll all be saying,

I'm the finest girl you've met.

Q U E R Y .

Ruth Henry ! I've heard of you,
With your rosy cheeks, and eyes of blue,
Mine are the very same color, too.

They tell me you're very funny,
And your face is always sunny.
Does it ever get daubed with honey?

I suppose you run and rolic,
And laugh, and sing, and frolic.
I have to have the colic.

In flannel hot, they wrap me,
No matter how warm I be;
And cover me up, when they take me out,
So that I cannot see.

A LETTER.

Dear Lucia Blake, I've got a tooth !
If you'll believe, it's true !
Only a very little tooth,
Just barely peeping through.

I spect I'll soon be big, like you.
Next thing I'll learn to walk,
And by and by, I'll astonish you,
With wise and learned talk.

Yes, Lucia, I've really got a tooth !
It clicks against the spoon !
Papa fairly jumped for joy !
And Mamma sang a tune !

THE ANSWER.

Dear Violet Culler, your kind little letter
Found me kind of sick, but now I'm better.

I knew you were smart, 'cause your eyes are so blue.
But that you were a poet, I ne'er before knew.

Of that little tooth, I'm as proud as your mother ;
And I hope before long, it will have a cute brother.

And now, Baby Culler, to-morrow I wish you
To accept of this greeting, from blacksnapper Lucia.

W. E. Blake.

THE WHOOPING COUGH.

I heard you have the whooping cough,
And mama says it's true.

I think it must be a funny cough,
To have such a name, don't you ?

I don't know what *whooping* means ;
Must look in Webster's Unabridged.
I s'pect it means, a cough that wears hoops,
And stops in your throat and digs.

You must not come to see me, dear,
Until it goes away.
'Cause if I should catch that awful cough,
I could'nt laugh and play.

If you get hungry to see my face,
Just step to your dining room,
And at the window facing east,
Rap on the pane with the broom.

Then mamma will hear, and carry me quick,
To our window, looking that way ;
Then if we listen, I'm very sure,
We can hear all you have to say.

Now Katy, perhaps you can coax Mr. Cough,
To stop tickling your lungs and throat,
And take a trip for his health, all down
The Mississippi, in a boat.

AN INVITATION.

“I'm going to have a party, dear,
'Cause I've been living here a year;
Please ask mamma with you to call,
Because you are so very small.”

BABY SENDS HER REGRETS.

What right have you to call me *dear*?
You've only lived one, short, sweet year;
While I am half again, as old,
I really think you're rather bold,
Besides I don't like boys,
They make so much noise.
Why was'nt you a girl,
As dainty as a pearl?
However,
I thank you most hearty,
For a bid to your party!
But I cannot come
To share your fun,
I'm so far away,
It surely wont pay.
To spend so much money;
Although 'twould be funny,
No doubt.

Why didn't you have your birthday come,
In some sunny month, as May or June,
When the little lads and lasses,
Could play among the grasses;
And coax the birdie as it passes,
To stop and pick the crumbs
Of sweet cake from their thumbs.
And pluck the pansies from the beds,
And fearlessly pull off their heads:
Scattering the petals to the breeze;
Or from them all their fragrance squeeze.
I wouldn't treat a violet so,
Because I'm named for one, you know.
I hope the others will all be there,
The little laddies and lasses fair;
And that your mammas will be very proud,
Because you can laugh and crow so loud,
And toddle about and prattle and coo;
And I'll regret, that I'm not there too.

FIRST STEPS.

Have you seen our darling try to walk ?

Just watch her from behind the door.
She never yet has learned to creep,
But rolls about upon the floor.

This corner is the place to try,
There! stand up straight and tall.
Now come to mamma! see my arms
Will surely catch you, if you fall.

Afraid to try! do venture just
One dainty little step.
That's right! one more! you did not fall,
You precious little pet!

See she has reached the goal and seems
So pleased, and very proud,
Now clasps her arms round Mamma's neck,
And fairly laughs aloud.

What courage and what faith it takes
To trust these tiny feet,
To bear her safe to Mamma's arms.
What confidence complete !

Oh, would that we, of older years,
Could trust the Unseen Hand
To guard our footsteps, lest we slip,
And guide us to the heavenly land.

A POSTAL CARD.

Dear Mr. Barnitz,—Mamma says
“For coffee you are ‘quite a hand!’”
So please accept, with my best love,
This real china coffee stand.

My name, you’ll find upon its face;
Writ seven times over, with the brush
Of painter true, in flowers of blue,
Now guess me, or you’ll surely blush.

THE REPLY.

My Precious Little Friend:
Miss Violet:—
Your timely birthday gift
Which came by Fast Mail swift
Is surely beautiful.
The lovely violets, blue,
Tell of a friendship true,
And even dutiful.

In gratitude I write,
On this my birthday night,
To tell how I appreciate,
The violet-covered coffee plate.

May you have many years of joy
And happiness without alloy.
Much joy to friends and parents give
And close to Jesus learn to live.

Is the prayer of your friend,

S. B. Barnitz.

DINNER.

There goes the bell for dinner!
I guess I'd better run
And climb up in my high-chair,
And have a little fun.

The other folks aint ready,
They always are so slow,
I'se afraid the 'tatoes all get cold,
I'll lay them in a row.

Oh dear! I tant det up,
My chair it is so tall;
I spect if I try to climb,
I'll get an awful fall.

I guess I'll wait till Emma
Brings in the meat and pie,
She'll surely lift me up,
If I begin to cry.

I'd like to serve the cabbage,
And dabble in the water,
If they should scold me, I would say.
"I am my Papa's daughter."

I believe that fly's gone swimming
In my silver cup;
But I can't get him out,
'Cause I aint lifted up.

Oh shaw! why don't they hurry?
I'm sure "I feel not well,"
Because I is so hungry.
I'll ring another bell.

There! Now I hear them coming.
Please, Papa, lift Violet up,
And Mamma tie my bib on,
And Auntie hold my cup.



CHRISTMAS.

I've always heard that Santa Claus,
Was some old, jolly, generous man,
That crept down chimneys Christmas Eve,
Then over all the house he ran
In every room where stockings hung,
And filled them with such kind of things,
As candy, toys, new books and rings.
But Santa Claus, I think is sick,
Or in his back he has a crick,
So he can not be so quick
As heretofore. And so this year,
He sent my dearest friends to cheer
Me with their gifts of love and joy.
A basket of candy from a neighbor boy,
A cute little rocker in which to sit,
With embroidered tidy just made to fit.
A dainty carriage lined with blue,
And a pretty doll riding in it too.
A beautiful copy of "Mother Goose,"
And another book, but its back got loose.
A willow cradle with bed complete,
Having mattress, quilt, pillow and sheet.
A set of dishes, a pencil and slate,
And a coral necklace, bought out of the state.

Some handkerchiefs of linen and silk,
 And a silver cup to hold my milk.
 A pair of flannels to keep me warm,
 A music box that works like a charm,
 A mush and milk set of real china,
 A rubber doll which I named Nina,
 Another doll on the Christmas tree,
 Some animal blocks, a menagerie,
 A dog of cloth with buttons for eyes,
 And many other pretty toys.

Papa says people are happy and gay,
 Because it is blessed Christmas day,
 Most nineteen hundred years ago,
 Did God to earth a gift bestow,
 The value of which can never be told.
 'Tis far beyond the price of gold.
 He gave his Son, the Christ, our Lord
 The Savior, Jesus, blessed word.
 So this, is why we Christmas love.
 Because this gift came from above.

MY SISTER.

They say I have a baby sister
Above the clouds, in Heaven's blue,
And that she went up there to Jesus,
Five years before I came to you.

Her name was Alice Florence,
But they called her Allie *more*,
And she wore the longest dresses,
They could find in any store.

Her picture hangs above the sofa,
Where I often take my nap;
And when my eyes get tired of sleeping,
I love to see the little pet.

She seems to look right down upon me
With pretty face and hair so neat;
Sucking her dainty thumb so cunning!
As if it tasted very sweet.

Her hair was auburn, just like Papa's,
Her eyes a shade of blue,
Lighter than the sky above us,
And she had a dimple too.

She only stayed down here with Mamma
Nine short months, they say,
Before she put on Angel's wings,
And fled from earth away.

I wonder if her tiny fingers
Clasps a bright, new harp of gold;
If she helps to make the music,
Wondrous! grand! as we are told.

And when she grows tired and sleepy,
Does she nestle close in Jesus arms;
Just as if He was her Papa?
Heaven they say is full of charms!



LINES

On the death of Alice Florence Culler, addressed to the bereaved mother by Mrs. A. H. DeVelling.

Sweet little babe! in kindness given,
As kindly taken back to Heaven,
Where all is peace;
Lingering as it were a moment here,
Ere called to dwell in that blest sphere
Of perfect bliss.

Sweet little one! thou art sleeping now,
Death's lasting signet's on thy brow,
Engraven deep;
No suffering racks thy little frame,
Long days of anguish. nights of pain,
And restless sleep,

All now are past! though cold and chill
Thy wasted form. yet calm and still
Its peaceful rest;
Though sad, as brief, thy sojourn here,
Thou'rt safe from every troublous fear,
Supremely blest.

Bright little bud of joy and hope!
Fain would fond hearts have trained thee up
To future bloom;
But winter's chill and blighting breath,
Has placed the lasting seal of death,
On thy fair form.

“Suffer the little children to come to me
And Oh! forbid them not;” of such shall be
That angel band,
Who meet and mingle 'round the eternal throne,
To swell the raptures of that glorious home.
That better land!

Thou wert lovely here—but lovelier far,
We see thee now—a brilliant star,
In Heaven's diadem!
Adorned with an immortal crown
Of burnished gold! triumphant won,
A sparkling gem!

Then do not weep, that from your home
Your heart's dear idol has been torn,
Your comfort fled;
That while sweet flowers at Spring's return,
Will brightly bloom—you still must mourn
Your flowret dead.

For smiling hope with beck'ning hand
Points to that sainted, spirit land,
Where all may meet,
With loved ones, who have gone before,
To dwell with them forever more,
In raptures sweet.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

All day long the tiny feet
Have trotted here and there,
Now the weary child bows at Mamma's knee.
To lisp her evening prayer.

Peeping out from the robe of white,
Are ten little toes all bare,
Her golden hair hangs in ringlets soft
Kissing her shoulders fair.

The apple blossom's delicate tint
Paints her downy cheek at morn;
But it changes to the crimson blush of the rose,
After the day is done.

The fringe of the eyelid falls on the cheek;
The little hands are clasped;
The rosebud lips part to frame the words,
By children so often asked.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee Lord my soul to take."

Then adding of her own accord,
 "O Jesus, bless Papa and Mamma!
 Don't let me be bad in church again,
 But make me a good, good girl, Amen."

The mother covets the painter's skill,
 To picture the face so sweet and mild;
 And begs for the spread of an angel's wing,
 To shelter her beautiful child.



THE MISCHIEF.

There's a little mischief in our house,
Who is never still a minute,
There is never a pie or pudding made,
But her little fingers are in it.

She knows the ginger snaps are kept
Upon the pantry shelf,
And some way or other, manages
To climb and help herself.

One day I heard a piteous cry
And ran to her relief;
But when I reached the pantry door.
I only saw two feet.

She was leaning over the sugar-tub,
To peep at what was in,
When by mistake she her balance lost.
And so revealed her sin.

Another time, she found a box
Of sugar coated pills,
Made of the very bitterest stuff,
A cure for ague chills.

So thinking they must be quite nice,
She filled her pretty mouth;
Then chewed the candy, as she thought;
But suddenly cried out,

Oh mamma! mamma! mamma come!

I am so very sick!

Give me a drink of water now!

And wipe my mouth out *quick*!

One day I found my Sunday bonnet,

Made of garnet plush,

Floating in some dirty water,

The mouse, demure and hush!

She pulls the table-cloth askew,

Puts the napkins in the stove;

And turns my work-box upside down

Then smothers me with love,

Once, when her Papa married

A young and happy pair,

She softly stepped up to them,

And bowed her head in prayer.

She opes the gate and runs away,

If she can get a chance;

And as she runs she looks behind,

With a bewitching glance.

Her soft curls hanging down her back

Made of threads of gold,

'Tis not an easy task to scold

This saucy three year old.

NEW YEARS.

'Tis New Years day, the first born day
Of all the glad New Year.
The earth's in snowy mantle robed,
The sun shines bright and clear.

Long icicles hang from the roof,
The brook is frozen o'er,
The little snow bird's tiny track,
Is seen without the door.

The pure white earth, the frosty air
The fleecy clouds above,
All speak Jehovah's power and might,
And of his wondrous love.

As on these things I stand and gaze
My heart goes up in prayer,
That I may live a better life,
All through this bright New Year.

NOT IN THE MOOD.

Beautiful thoughts! they come, and go.
 Like delicate, feathery flakes of snow;
 Or as bright autumn leaves on a windy day
 They frolic and frisk and fly away
 So far I cannot call them back;
 Or bring them again to the beaten track.
 I thought when I sat me down to-night,
 A poem or rhyme for this book to write;
 But the inspiration will not come.
 My thoughts are scattered, and far from home,
 Could I by means of fife and drum,
 Call home these wanderers, one by one,
 And bind them fast with a golden chain
 Within the prison of my brain,
 I'd marshal them up in a straight, true line,
 And select the ones which brightest shine
 With wisdom, eloquence and wit,
 Though it were but the smallest little bit.
 But they're not trained soldiers that come, and go,
 At the captain's signal, where e'er the foe,
 They're cowards that fly, and take to their heels,
 When a blast from the enemies' trumpet peals.
 They're afraid to stand in marching line
 And fight out a poem, sketch or rhyme,
 So I dare not make the charge to-night,
 For without good soldiers, who can fight?

THE RED DRESS.

Just think of a girlie only four,
Wearing a dress ten times as old!
Made of Turkey red calico,
Sprinkled with dots of gold.

Yes, forty years ago and more,
Her papa was a baby;
And this cloth was given to him, for a dress,
By some relative, a lady.

But he was a chubby, little lad
With hair of fiery red;
And so to wear this brilliant dress,
Would make him look quite bad.

So it was laid aside, in a drawer,
For many, many years;
But now it comes in style again,
And on his child appears.

Of course she must have her photograph
Taken in this dress;
And now when trimmed with embroidery,
'Tis pretty I confess.



SWEET VIOLETS.

A violet patch grows near the house,—
Sweet scented ones, with deep blue hoods,
Larger and more beautiful
Than those in dell or woods.

The breeze steals through the open window
Laden with their fragrance sweet,
And while I read in my easy chair,
It softly fans my cheek.

The book has lost its charms, I haste
To pull the green leaves aside,
And see if I can find the spot,
Where these timid beauties hide.

I'll pluck a bunch for a nosegay,
And place it in my room,
And then their delicate odor,
Shall be all my very own.

MY CANARY.

I have a pretty canary bird,
With feathers yellow and black,
So closely mixed that they look like brown,
Except on his breast and back,
And they are a solid mass of yellow,
And he is the cutest little fellow,
That ever you did see.

He wakes me early every morn,
With his pretty warbling song.
He twitters and whistles, and chirps, and coos,
And is merry all day long.
He never gets cross, and pouts like me,
If he can't have cake and mince-pie for tea,
But with water and seed is content.

He's a very cleanly little thing,
For he takes his bath each day.
He quickly jumps in the water,
And oh! how he splashes away;
Then hops to his perch and sits in the sun,
And shakes and flirts till the drying's done.
Then picks at the celery tops.

He's braver than most little boys and girls,
 They cry when they have to be bathed;
 If only their hands and faces are washed,
 They scarcely can behave.
 The water is always too hot, or too cold,
 The towel, too rough, or too soft and old
 So something is always the matter.



THE ACROBATS.

Would you like to see a funny toy,
That came from Germany?
A dear, good lady brought it me,
From way across the sea.

It's a small, square box, all silvery lined,
The top, is made of glass;
So that you can look within,
And see what comes to pass.

Inside are tiny, wooden men
Dressed up in costumes, queer,
So gay! just like a circus man,
Or an acrobat would wear.

Then there are many colored balls,
And a snake of yellow and red.
Just rub the glass with the leather pad,
And the snake, will stand on his head.

The men will jump and dance about,
Catching the balls as they fly;
Turn summersaults, and three at once,
Will make a pyramid high.

A man will stand, one foot on a ball,
While another man stands on his shoulders.
Or one will stand on the others hands,
And march along like soldiers.

They are just as nimble, and just as quick,
As Jack, that jumped over the candlestick.
But what makes them go, I really don't know.
Electric power, it may be, ho! ho!



THE TRICYCLE RIDE.

A merry group of cousins, five,
On the shady avenue—
Nellie, Minnie, Violet,
Johnnie and Julia, too.

The first a bonny lass of ten,
Rides the tricycle with skill.
And so with Julia on her lap,
She goes where e'er she will.

She dashes off in highest glee,
The others run behind.
Ha! soon she's far enough away,
But that they do not mind.

After many a flourish and whisk,
She gains the homeward stretch;
Then Johnnie takes, to dry his tears,
And back his dimples fetch.

And now comes Violet's turn, at last,
To take the envied ride,
She's not afraid to mount that horse!
And wishes she could guide.

The wheels spin 'round. The race keeps up
Till suddenly, a crash!
A faulty board in the sidewalk breaks,
And over they go, in a flash!

A panic siezed the babies,
Although no harm was done
And back they toddled home again
As fast as they could come.

Then Minnie clapped her hands and said,
"Now, Nellie we are free!
The children each have had a ride,
The next one is for me."



GRANDMA.

They took me into the best, front room,
Where my dear, good Grandma lay,
In her coffin long and narrow,
On that sad, but sunny day.

They stepped so softly upon the floor,
That I tried to do the same;
But when my Papa lifted me up,
She didn't speak my name.

I waited to see her open her eyes,
And smile, and talk to me,
But she lay so still, and white, and tired,
That I thought I'd let her be.

I supposed my Grandma had gone to sleep
Among the flowers so fair,
Holding a lily in her hand,
As white as her snowy hair.

But when I touched her forehead,
She seemed so icy cold,
I wanted to bring my little cloak,
And wrap her in its fold.

But Papa said “no, no my child!
 She needs no care of ours;
 For God will take her to his home,
 A land of fairer flowers.”

So they put her in a grassy bed,
 And covered her from sight,
 But I think God's angels will go and watch,
 Over her grave each night.



THE CHURCH AT EASTER.

The Church looked grand on Easter Day
In its gorgeous robe of flowers—
A wealth of blossoms as bright and fresh,
As if wet with April showers.

Carnations, roses, heliotrope,
The Calla lilies, rare,
The hyacinth and violets
Shed fragrance, everywhere.

The sun burst through the cold, gray clouds
And flooded all with gold,
While voices sweet with joy replete,
The resurrection told.

The pastor of the little flock,
Desirous all to save,
Repeats the thrilling story,—
Christ's triumph o'er the grave.

THE STORY DONE.

— -

The subject of this little book,
Is now past four years old;
And as her baby days are o'er,
My story now is told.

Yet hold! and I will still relate,
One little incident;
That you may know how Sabbath day
By this our pet is spent.

She goes to Church and Sunday School
And learns the "Golden Text;"
But it is never safe to say,
Just what she will do next.

She sits with Mamma in the choir,
And often helps to sing.
Sometimes, her childish voice pipes up,
Before the rest begin.

She tries her very best to help
The organist to play,
But Mrs. T. won't play duets,
So she must run away.

One day she thought she'd help to preach,
Her Papa seemed so dull!
But when she reached the pulpit,
Her thoughts on other topics dwell,

She spied beneath the altar chair,
The Preacher's high silk hat;
Then donning it, she faced about,
Now what do you think of that?

In the afternoon her Mamma reads,
"First steps for little feet;"
Or from the precious Bible,
The stories oft repeat.

Although she knows her letters, well,
She can neither read or spell;
But she's learning fast to help herself,
So we'll lay this volume on the shelf.





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